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They're Not Under The Bed Anymore

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Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

"Wait Dad! Can you check under the bed for monsters?" my four year old son said nervously. I smiled.

"Sure, Jasper," I said, humouring him and bending down to check under the bed.

And there was Jasper, trembling, shaking, under the bed, his eyes wide with fear. "Daddy," he whispered, "there's someone on my bed."

Chapter 2 by -



I looked up to see a distorted body standing over my frightened son, his dark eyes stared into me and I trembled remembering what it was like to be a child scared of the dark. He bent back and twisted his spine around as if he was unable to support himself upright. The creature let out a wicked laugh, darker than any night could ever dream of being before he lunged forward and attacked me.

Next thing I know I'm laying on the floor, I can hear my wife's frantic cries. I let out a strangled moan and her sobs grew louder. There's a knock at the door. Elizabeth quickly wipes away her

tears and jumps to her feet while I struggle to get up. My eyes barely open before my heart freezes and my blood runs cold. I yell frantically I to jump to my feet in search for the boy.

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